A POWER COMIC

DEDICATED TO GIVE YOU A SMASHING CHRISTMAS!

SMASH!

No. 48
31st DEC. 1966

EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER

BATMAN SUSPECTS THAT NAPOLEON'S H.Q. IS IN A ROOFTOP HUT ON A HALF-BUILT SKYSCRAPER...

THERE'S THE SHACK--PERCHED ON A NARROW PLATFORM!

WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

INSIDE!—IT'S A CHRISTMAS SPECTACULAR! STARRING—

THE HULK!

GIANT MAN!

BAG PENNY

THE SNOTS & BLOTS

AND FULL SUPPORTING CAST!

BASH

DO YOU THINK WE SHOULD HAVE KNOCKED?

THEY FELL FOR IT, BONEY!

IF THEY STAND WHERE THEY ARE, THE TRAPDOOR WILL LET THEM FALL FARTHER--20 STORIES, TO BE EXACT!

--AND IF WE ADVANCE, YOUR "FIRING-SQUAD" WILL SHOOT US, I PRESUME!

IF WE STAND HERE, THE TRAPDOOR WILL CATAPULT US THROUGH 20 FLOORS OF EMPTY SPACE!

--AND IF WE ATTACK, WE GET SHOT! WHAT A CRUMMY CHOICE!

COME, COME, DYNAMIC DUO--

I HAVEN'T ALL NIGHT, YOU KNOW! WHICH DEMISE DO YOU OPT FOR?

WHAT CHOICE IS THERE? TURN OVER THE PAGE

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WE CHOOSE-- EVASIVE TACTIC PDQ34!
---WHICH MEANS WE JUMP SIDEWAYS!
IT'S A TREAT TO TRICK YOU, LITTLE NAPOLEON!
THUD!
BLAM!
BLAM!
FIX BAYONETS! CHARGE!!
SOMEHOW I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THINGS ARE GOING...
OOPS!
IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?
HOLY SKY-DIVE!
HELP!
ALL RIGHT, ROBIN--NOW LET'S HAVE YOUR LITTLE PLAYMATE!
IT'S MOIDER!
GULP!
EASY COME, EASY GO!
EEEE!
HAVE YOU LOST YOUR SENSES, BATMAN?!? YOU'RE DROPPING HIM TO HIS DOOM!
HOW COME SUCH SEEMINGLY SCANDALOUS STRATEGY? HAS BATMAN BECOME A BOMBASTIC BULLY?
TOO BAD IT'S SO DARK DOWN THERE! I CAN'T WATCH HIM FALL!
HOLY DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE, BATMAN! WHAT'S COME OVER YOU??
IT'S TERRIBLE!!
YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE-- EVEN TO CROOKS!
THINK NOTHING OF IT, CHUM!
AND SO WE LEAVE YOU IN SUSPENSE--TILL NEXT WEEK!

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from the floor of 64

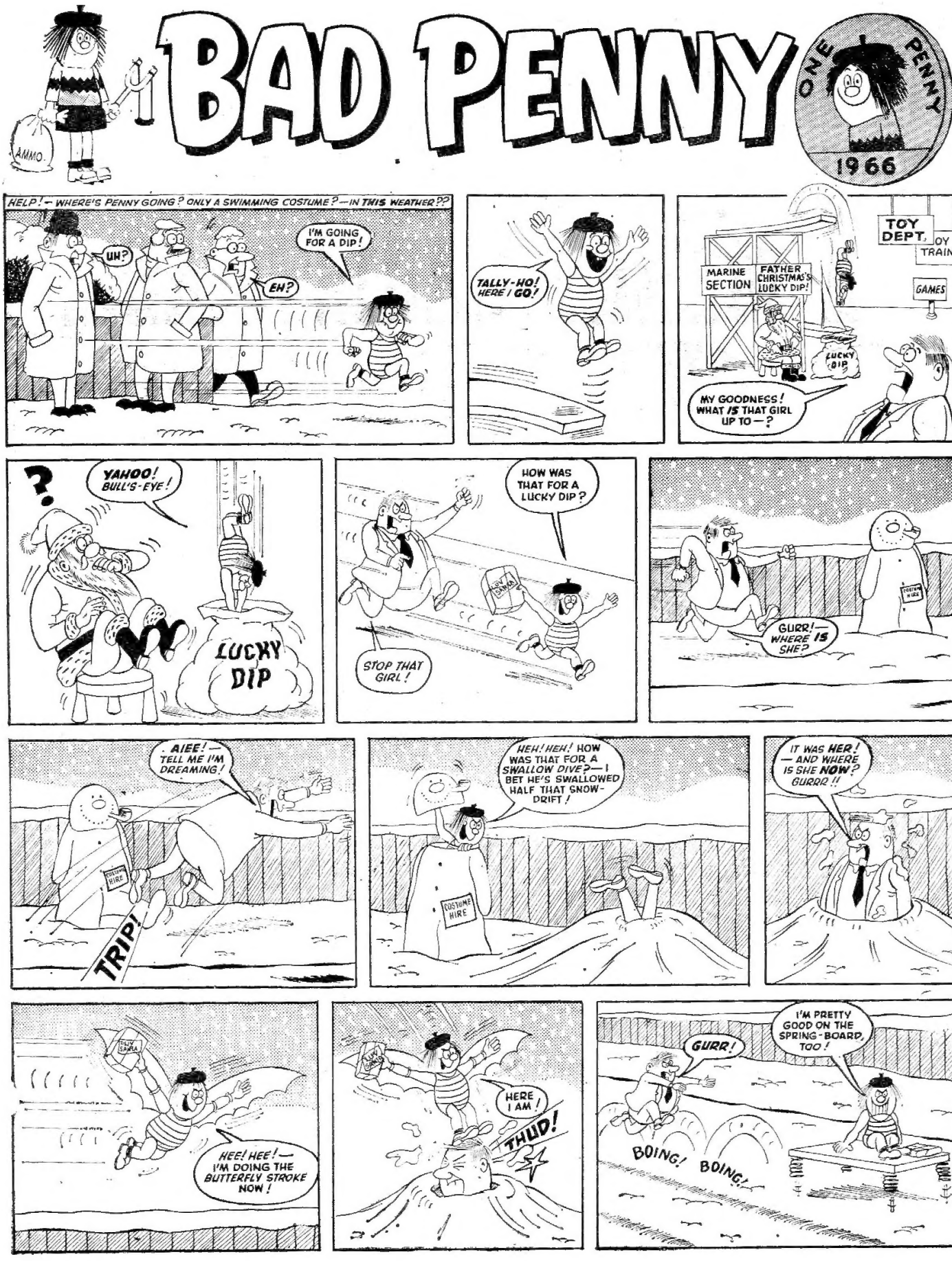
64 Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.

WE'VE GOT ONLY ONE THING TO SAY THIS WEEK AND THAT IS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS...

THE BIGGEST AND BEST TO YOU ALL!
HAVE A HULKING HOLIDAY!
MAKE IT A SWINGING TIME!
I'LL BE SEEING YOU! IN POW!
FLYING HIGH!
WHAT WOULD LIFE BE WITHOUT TRANSISTORS!
WISHING YOU FANTASTIC FUN!
FATHER CHRISTMAS HAS SMELLY FEET!
LET'S MAKE 1967 OUR YEAR— Adolescent Alf
CHRISTMAS IS FOR FRIENDSHIP— THAT'S ALL OF YOU AND ALL OF US— Corney Cos
THE BEST IS YET TO BE! Big Bold Bart.
HIP! HIP! HURRAY! Jolly Jay Jay Jackson
WITH AN OFFICE LIKE THIS WHO NEEDS TO GO TO PARTIES? Merry Margaret Smith

...AND THAT COMES FROM ALL OF US!


BAD PENNY
ONE PENNY
1966
AMMO.
HELP! — WHERE'S PENNY GOING? ONLY A SWIMMING COSTUME? — IN THIS WEATHER??
UH?
EH?
I'M GOING FOR A DIP!
TALLY-HO! HERE I GO!
TOY DEPT.
TOY TRAINS
GAMES
MARINE SECTION
FATHER CHRISTMAS'S LUCKY DIP!
LUCKY DIP
MY GOODNESS! WHAT IS THAT GIRL UP TO —?
YAHOO! BULL'S-EYE!
LUCKY DIP
HOW WAS THAT FOR A LUCKY DIP?
STOP THAT GIRL!
GURR! — WHERE IS SHE?
AIEE! — TELL ME I'M DREAMING!
TRIP!
HEH! HEH! HOW WAS THAT FOR A SWALLOW DIVE? — I BET HE'S SWALLOWED HALF THAT SNOW-DRIFT!
COSTUME HIRE
IT WAS HER! — AND WHERE IS SHE NOW? GURR!!
HEE! HEE! — I'M DOING THE BUTTERFLY STROKE NOW!
HERE I AM!
THUD!
GURR!
I'M PRETTY GOOD ON THE SPRING-BOARD, TOO!
BOING! BOING!

FLIP!
ERK!
OH, NO!—I CAN'T CONTROL THIS FLIPPIN' THING!
HELP!
SPLUDGE!
AAGH! ME SNOW-MAN! SPLUDGED!
GULP!—I'VE REALLY DONE IT NOW! THAT WAS BAD BERT, THE BIGGEST BULLY ROUND HERE!
OH, NO! LOOK WHERE I'VE LANDED!—GULP!
HOI!
BUS STOP
HEY!
HELP! THE ODDS ARE GETTING TOO UNEVEN!
GRR! STOP HER! DON'T LET HER ESCAPE!
GRR! JUST WAIT TILL I CATCH YOU!
ALL RIGHT! HAVE IT BACK! I WAS GOING TO PAY YOU FOR IT ANYWAY IF I LIKED IT!
CRUNCH!
AIR!—I MUST HAVE AIR!
SPLUTTER!
GOSH! IT WAS FULL OF STINK-BOMBS!
CH-CHOKE!
I TOLD YOU I'D PAY FOR IT IF I LIKED IT—AN' IT WAS A GAS! HERE'S YOUR SIX-PENCE!
I HATE NOT KNOWING WHAT I'M GETTING!
I WANT YOU, MY GIRL!
HELP! IT'S DAD!
PENNY KNOWS WHAT SHE'S GETTING NOW, ALL RIGHT!
BAH! THERE'S JUST NO CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IN MY DAD! WAAH!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

RUBBERMAN IS ON HIS WAY TO INDIA — TO TRACK DOWN THE FAKIR WHOSE CURSE TURNED HIM TO RUBBER. THE AIRCRAFT TOUCHES DOWN AT ORLY AIRPORT, PARIS...

...AND A DISEMBARKING PASSENGER IS SAVED FROM A NASTY FALL...

TAKE IT EASY! THIS IS NOT THE TIME FOR A CRASH LANDING!

LOOK! DID YOU SEE THAT?

AWED EYES FOLLOW THE NEXT PASSENGER TO ALIGHT...

DON'T YOU SEE WHO IT IS?

IT'S RUBBERMAN! HE'S HERE IN FRANCE!

I WANT TO BE TAKEN TO THE SAMFORD CIRCUS. IT'S AT SOME VILLAGE NOT FAR FROM HERE. AND DON'T SPARE THE ACCELERATOR!

I KNOW THAT CIRCUS, M'SIEU RUBBERMAN! WE WILL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!

WHAT'S HE DOING OVER HERE? THE NEWSPAPERS SAID HE WAS ON HIS WAY TO INDIA!

DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID TO THAT TAXI DRIVER? HE'S GOING TO VISIT THE CIRCUS!

INSIDE THE SPEEDING TAXI...

FORGIVE THE CURIOSITY, M'SIEU! BUT IT SEEMS STRANGE TO COME SO FAR... JUST TO SEE A CIRCUS!

NEAR DISASTER IN FRENCH CIRCUS

IT'S NOT THE CIRCUS I WANT TO SEE. JUST ONE MAN WHOM I THINK IS PART OF IT!

A RING HAS BEEN DRAWN AROUND A SWARTHY, TURBANED HEAD...

IT'S HIM, I'M SURE IT IS! THE FAKIR WHO PUT HIS CURSE ON ME AND TURNED ME INTO RUBBER! AND TO THINK THAT I WAS GOING TO SEARCH INDIA FOR HIM!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER...

THERE HE IS! HEY, YOU!... STOP!

HE IS AFTER ME!

SAMFORD CIRCUS

CASSE-PIPES 3 COUPS 1 FRANC

BUT AS RUBBERMAN RUNS IN PURSUIT...

THAT CAR! IT'S SPEEDING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THAT MAN!

SECOND TIME LUCKY! LET'S GO!

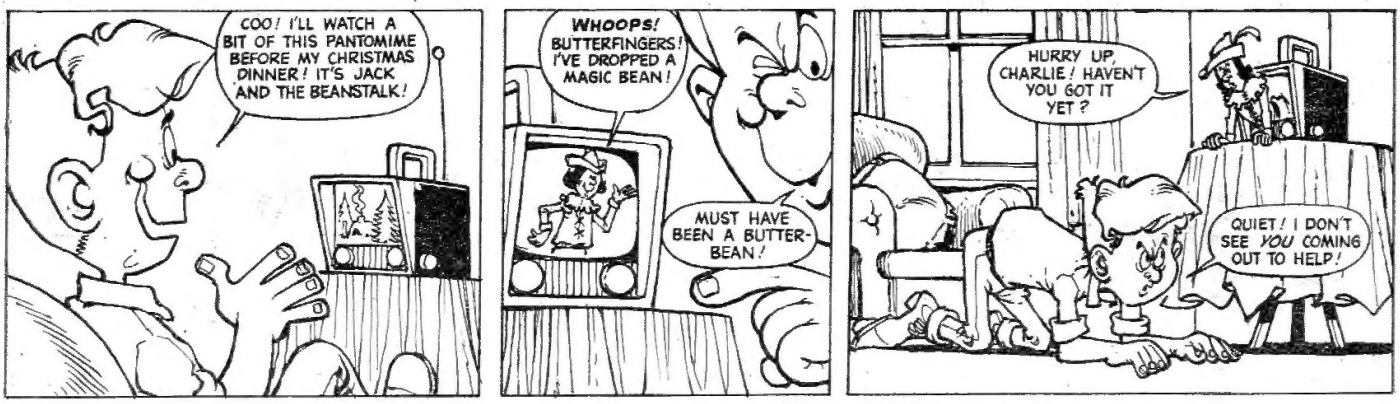
HEY? AAGH!

L-L-L-LOOOOOK! I... I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!

THE STARTLED DRIVER LOSES CONTROL...
CRASH!
IT'S BROUGHT DOWN THE HIGH-POWER CABLES!
AAAAHHH!
THEY... THEY'VE BEEN ELECTROCUTED!
FROM INSIDE A TENT COMES A FRIGHTENED TRUMPETING...
THE CANVAS IS STARTING TO BURN! THE ELEPHANTS IN THERE WILL BE BURNED ALIVE!
NO-ONE CAN GET TO THEM THROUGH THOSE LIVE WIRES! I JUST HOPE I CAN SWITCH OFF IN TIME!
HE'S HANDLING THE POWER CABLES... AND IT DOESN'T EVEN BOTHER HIM!
ONE ADVANTAGE OF BEING MADE OF RUBBER... I'M INSULATED AGAINST ELECTRICITY!
RUBBERMAN HAMMERS THE SHACKLES FROM THE FRIGHTENED ANIMALS...
BUT JUST LIKE THESE TUSKERS... I'M NOT FLAME-PROOF! SO WE'VE ALL GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE -AND FAST!
THE POWER IS SWITCHED OFF JUST IN TIME...
HERE THEY COME! THROW THE NETS OVER THEM! THEY'LL SOON CALM DOWN!
BUT THE GUY WHO SAVED THEM! HE'S STILL INSIDE THERE!
THEN...
THAT TUSKER'S SNAPPED THE TENT POLE! IT'S COLLAPSED ON TOP OF THAT BRAVE GUY!
AND HE IS IN THIS TERRIBLE DANGER BECAUSE HE SAVED ME! I MUST GET TO MY TRAPEZE!
JUMP, MY FRIEND! TRY TO REACH MY HANDS!
ALONZO'S TRYING TO SAVE HIM! BUT HE WON'T DO IT... HE CAN'T GET LOW ENOUGH!
BUT REACHING THINGS IS NO PROBLEM FOR RUBBERMAN...
LOWER! THIS IS AMAZING! I MUST SEE—
DONE IT!
ABOVE, INSIDE THE HOVERING HELICOPTER...
FIRST, ALONZO THE GREAT! NOW THIS OTHER MAN! I SHALL HAVE THEM BOTH IN MY POWER!
WHO IS THIS SINISTER SPECTATOR?—THE ANSWER COMES IN NEXT WEEK'S AMAZING INSTALMENT!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...


COO! I'LL WATCH A BIT OF THIS PANTOMIME BEFORE MY CHRISTMAS DINNER! IT'S JACK AND THE BEANSTALK!
WHOOPS! BUTTERFINGERS! I'VE DROPPED A MAGIC BEAN!
MUST HAVE BEEN A BUTTER-BEAN!
HURRY UP, CHARLIE! HAVEN'T YOU GOT IT YET?
QUIET! I DON'T SEE YOU COMING OUT TO HELP!

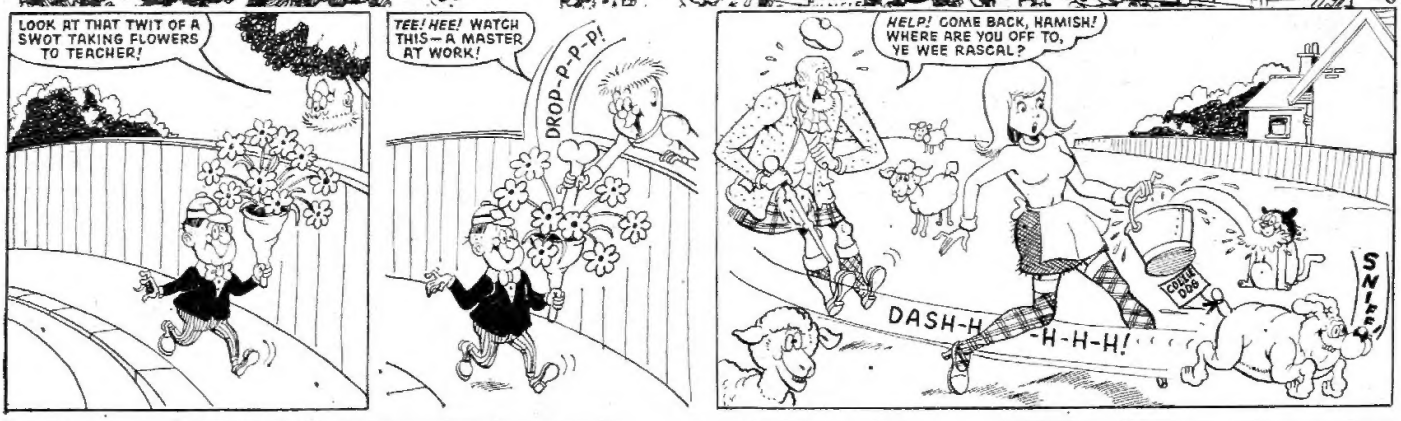
HELP! I'VE FOUND IT! BUT IT'S GROWING LIKE MAD!
CRASH!
OH, NO! CAN'T YOU STOP IT?
IT'S A MAGIC BEAN, CHARLIE—AND I'M NO MAGICIAN!
MEANWHILE...
THERE! THAT'S THAT LOOSE SLATE FIXED —NOW TO SEE IF MY CHRISTMAS DINNER IS READY!

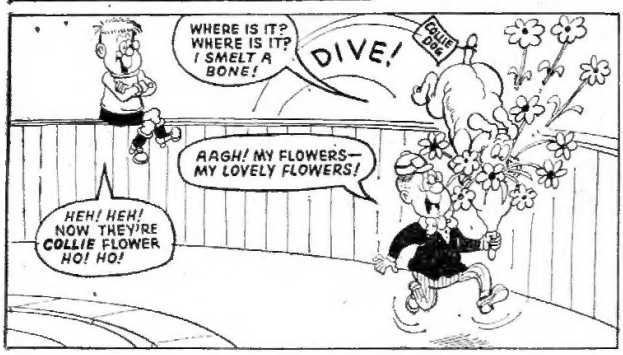
G-GULP! WHAT IS IT? PUT ME DOWN!
CRASH!
GRRR! OUT YOU COME! YOU'D BETTER GET MY DAD DOWN! MUM WON'T START THE CHRISTMAS DINNER WITHOUT HIM—AND I'M STARVING!

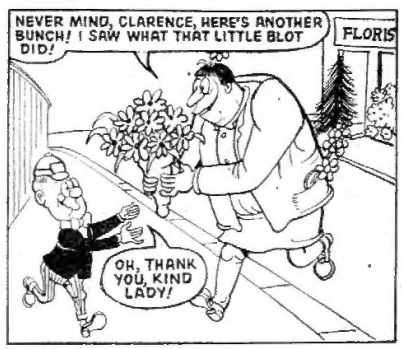
HELP! HELP!
COMING! COMING!
IF IT GROWS MUCH MORE, DAD WILL NEED AN OXYGEN MASK!
OH, HECK! IT'S GROWING QUICKER THAN JACK CAN CLIMB! DAD'S GETTING FURTHER AND FURTHER AWAY!

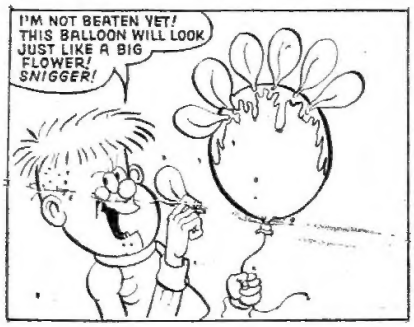
COO! THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK! THE GIANT IN THE PANTO IS HAVING HIS DINNER! EXCUSE ME! I COULD DO WITH THIS!
THIS GIANT'S KNIFE MAKES A SMASHING AXE!
GRRR! INTERFERING MIDGET!
CHOP!
AIEE!
TAKE THAT, MIDGET! GRRR! SNARL!
JAB!
GOSH! CHARLIE'S SHOT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE ROOF...
OOH! OOH!
CRASH!!
CH-CHARLIE! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP HERE?
ER— HELLO, DAD! GULP! GULP!
OOMPH!
OH, NO! A WHOLE HALF HOUR HAS GONE! THINGS WILL SHRINK BACK TO TELLY SIZE NOW!
YOU'RE DEAD RIGHT, CHARLIE...
HELP!
AAAGH!
G-GULP! I'D RATHER FACE THE GIANT THAN THOSE TWO RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING BACK IN!
USE SOOTHO FOR ALL ACHES AND PAINS!
GRRR! FUNNY GUY! GROAN! OOH! OOH!
MUCH LATER AT DINNER...
GRR!
ALWAYS LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE! DAD CAN'T SLIPPER ME IN THAT STATE! MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY — GULP!

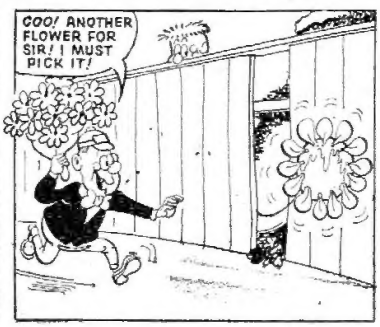
The SWOTS and the BLOTS

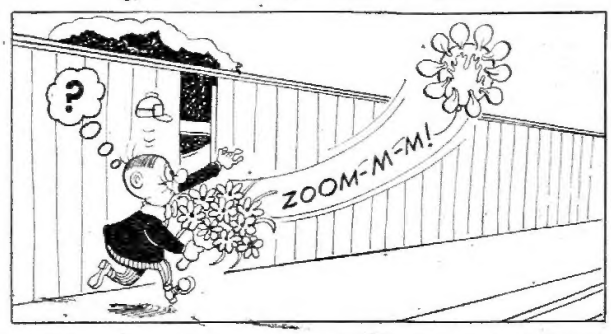

LOOK AT THAT TWIT OF A SWOT TAKING FLOWERS TO TEACHER!
TEE! HEE! WATCH THIS—A MASTER AT WORK!
DROP-P-P-P!
HELP! COME BACK, HAMISH! WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, YE WEE RASCAL?
DASH-H-H-H-H!
COLLIE DOG
SNIFF!


WHERE IS IT? WHERE IS IT? I SMELT A BONE!
DIVE!
COLLIE DOG
AAGH! MY FLOWERS—MY LOVELY FLOWERS!
HEH! HEH! NOW THEY'RE COLLIE FLOWER HO! HO!









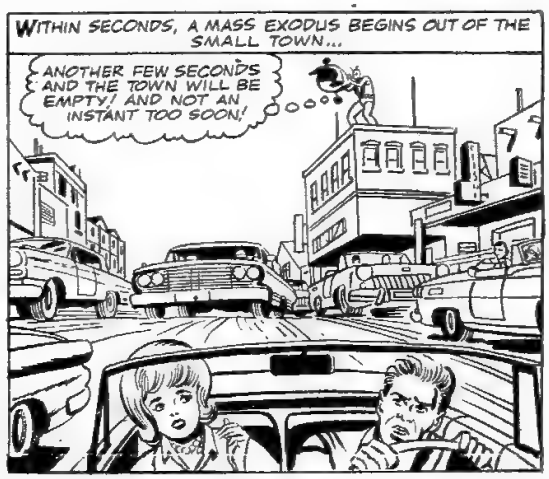
COO! WHAT A NICE BIG WHITE HANKY!
?
BET HE GOT THAT FOR CHRISTMAS!
COME BACK, YOU LITTLE NIT! WE WANT YOUR HANKY!
HELP! NO! YOU'RE NOT GETTING IT! IT WAS MY PRESENT!
BUT THEY GOT IT!
THROW-W-W-W!
CLARENCE'S HANKY MAKES A SMASHING PARACHUTE! SNIGGER!
ALL OUR HANKIES HAVE GOT HOLES IN THEM!
HELP! WHAT'S THAT?
THUD!
GRRR! THROW STONES AT ME, WOULD YOU?
AAGH! NO! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HONEST, MISTER!
HELP! N-NO!
THUD!
MOAN! GROAN!
I GUESS THAT BIG GENTLEMAN CAUGHT THEM! THAT'LL TEACH THEM!
LATER...
I'VE GOT SOME FLOWERS FOR YOU, SIR!
REALLY? I CAN'T SEE ANY!
A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO ALL MY PUPILS
HOW CHARMING FOR YOU, SIR!
GASP!
BAH!
THERE YOU ARE, SIR!
HO! HO! MORE LIKE A BUNCH OF LITTLE WEEDS! HA! HA!
YOU KNOW—THAT WOULD SOLVE A LOT OF PROBLEMS!
HO! HO! A SPIFFING IDEA, SIR! THEY CAN'T DO ANY HARM IN THERE! WE'LL HAVE A NICE PEACEFUL MORNING!
HOORAY FOR TEACHER!
GURR!
SNARL!
BAH!
HAPPY CHRISTMAS FROM THE SNOTS AND THE BLOTS
YES—I THOUGHT IT WAS PRETTY CLEVER MYSELF! HEH! HEH!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK

ALSO STARRING GIANT MAN

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW IS THIS! THE HULK IS IN NEW MEXICO, ITCHING FOR A BANGING BATTLE WITH GIANT MAN! BUT ALSO ON THE SCENE IS A CHARACTER WE CAN ALL HATE — THE HUMAN TOP!

ROLLING THE BILLBOARD UP LIKE PAPER IN HIS MASSIVE, DOUBLE-SIZED HANDS, GIANT-MAN USES IT AS A MEGAPHONE .....
ATTENTION! ATTENTION!! THE HULK IS COMING! EVACUATE THE TOWN!! EMERGENCY!
THE HULK AT LARGE AGAIN?? CAN WE BELIEVE HIM?
BELIEVE HIM?? MISTER, THAT'S GIANT-MAN! HE DIDN'T COME HERE TO PLAY GAMES!


WITHIN SECONDS, A MASS EXODUS BEGINS OUT OF THE SMALL TOWN...
ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND THE TOWN WILL BE EMPTY! AND NOT AN INSTANT TOO SOON!

NOW I WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE BEING HURT WHEN HE APPEARS!
I'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO CONVINCE HIM THAT MANKIND ISN'T HIS ENEMY! IF ONLY HE'LL GIVE ME THE CHANCE!
© Marvel Comic Group 1966

AND, JUST AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE LITTLE TOWN, AS THE HULK PREPARES TO MAKE THE FINAL LEAP WHICH WILL BRING HIM TO THE MAIN STREET--
HULK! WAIT--! I'VE SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

BAH! NOTHING IS IMPORTANT TO THE HULK!!
HOLD IT, YOU BRAINLESS FOOL!! CAN'T YOU SEE-- I'M TRYING TO HELP YOU?!!
ONLY MY SPEED BLAST CAN SAVE ME!! THERE!
NOW TO TALK FAST, BEFORE HE ATTACKS ME AGAIN!
I KNOW YOU'RE LOOKING FOR GIANT-MAN! HE'S IN THE TOWN JUST AHEAD, WAITING TO AMBUSH YOU! YOU MUST STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING--DON'T GIVE HIM A CHANCE!
IT WORKED! HE FORGOT ABOUT ME-- HE TOOK OFF LIKE A MISSILE!! NOTHING CAN SAVE GIANT-MAN NOW!
NOBODY CAN AMBUSH THE HULK! I'LL MAKE THE AVENGERS WISH THEY HAD NEVER HEARD OF ME!
SO FAR, SO GOOD! BUT NOW I'LL MAKE SURE THAT THIS IS THE END OF GIANT-MAN! I SEE A MILITARY CONVOY HEADING THIS WAY!
AND, JUST A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, GENERAL THUNDERBOLT ROSS BARKS A COMMAND AS THE HUMAN TOP SPINS TOWARDS HIM--!
CONVOYYYYY-- HALT!! SOMETHING IS APPROACHING!!
EITHER I'M LOSING MY MARBLES, OR IT'S A MAN-- SPINNING AROUND AS FAST AS A TOP!
NEVER HAVING HEARD OF "THE HUMAN TOP"!, THE GENERAL WATCHES INCREDULOUSLY UNTIL...
I'VE COME TO WARN YOU! THE HULK IS IN THE TOWN AHEAD OF YOU!
THE HULK?!! ARE YOU CERTAIN, MAN?!
YES SIR! THE ENTIRE TOWN HAS BEEN EVACUATED! IT'S EMPTY-- EXCEPT FOR THE HULK!
IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THIS IS MY ONE CHANCE TO STOP THAT RAMPAGING MENACE FOR GOOD!
WITHIN SECONDS, THE BATTLE-WISE MILITARY LEADER SENDS OUT SCOUTS, AND WHEN THEY RETURN...
THE REPORT IS CORRECT, SIR! THE TOWN HAS BEEN EVACUATED! ALL THE INHABITANTS HAVE FLED TO SANDY POINT, IN THE NEXT DISTRICT!
BUT THIS IS THE CHANCE I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR--TO RID THE WORLD OF THE HULK!
EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER, THUNDERBOLT ROSS'S COMMAND CAR RACES TO THE LEAD TANK...
I HEARD FROM COMMAND HEADQUARTERS! THEY AUTHORIZE USING A NUCLEAR WARHEAD SHELL!
THAT MEANS PLAN B! TAKE YOUR STATIONS, MEN!
MEANWHILE, IN THE CENTRE OF TOWN, THE HULK AND GIANT-MAN FINALLY MEET FACE TO FACE!
THE HULK! AT LAST I'VE FOUND YOU!
WRONG, MISTER! I FOUND YOU-- AND NOW I'M GONNA SHOW YOU WHAT I DO TO MY ENEMIES --NO MATTER HOW BIG THEY ARE!
WAIT!! DON'T BE A FOOL! I CAME HERE TO HELP YOU-- TO OFFER YOU--
IT WON'T WORK! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME! YOU'RE MY ENEMY--ALL MEN ARE MY ENEMIES!!
THEN, WITHOUT WARNING, WITH THE FORCE OF A THUNDERBOLT, THE INCREDIBLE HULK STRIKES!
IT WON'T TAKE ME LONG TO CHOP YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE-- SO I'LL BEGIN, NOW!

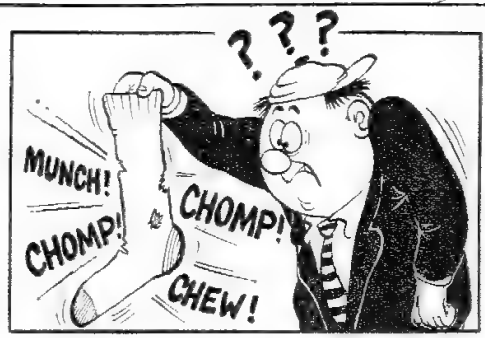
BUT, GIANT-MAN NIMBLY PARRIES THE BLOW, DUCKING QUICKLY TO ONE SIDE...
WHEW!-- EVEN THOUGH HE ONLY GRAZED ME, IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN HIT BY A BULL-DOZER! WHAT POWER HE HAS!!
AND THEN, UNEXPECTEDLY, THE TOWERING AVENGER PERFORMS A FEAT NO LIVING BEING HAS EVER DARED ATTEMPT--OR COULD EVER ATTEMPT--
MY ONLY HOPE IS TO KEEP HIM OFF-BALANCE LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO REASON WITH HIM!
AND THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO WIN HIS RESPECT--TO SHOW HIM HE'S UP AGAINST SOMEONE AS POWERFUL AS HE IS!
OKAY, HULK--NOW ARE YOU READY TO TALK SENSE??
EVEN THOUGH I KNOW HOW STRONG HE IS, IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE HE CAN GET RIGHT UP AS THOUGH NOTHING HAS HAPPENED! HE JUST CAN'T BE HURT!
YOU THINK YOU CAN WEAR ME OUT? SLOW ME DOWN? YOU'RE A FOOL, GIANT-MAN!
YOU DON'T KNOW THE HULK! THE ANGRIER I GET, THE STRONGER I GET! AND I'VE NEVER BEEN ANGRIER!
SO! YOU SIDE-STEPPED MY BLOW! WELL, YOU CAN'T KEEP SIDE-STEPPING FOREVER!
AND THEN, BEFORE GIANT-MAN CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE, THE HULK MAKES ONE OF HIS LIGHTNING-FAST LEAPS--!
I'VE GOT YOU NOW!
NOTHING THAT LIVES CAN BREAK THE HULK'S GRIP!!
DON'T KID YOURSELF, HULK!
WHAT GOOD IS YOUR GRIP IF I SUDDENLY SHRINK DOWN TO THE SIZE OF AN ANT??
NO MATTER HOW STRONG YOU ARE, IT'S NOT TOO EASY TO KEEP A TIGHT GRIP ON A TINY ANT, IS IT??
AND THEN, IN THE VERY NEXT SPLIT-SECOND...
BUT HERE, I'LL MAKE EASIER FOR YOU-- I'LL BECOME GIANT-MAN AGAIN!
NOW WILL YOU STOP FIGHTING AND LISTEN TO REASON??
AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO TRICK ME?? NEVER! NO MATTER HOW YOU CHANGE YOUR SIZE, I'LL SMASH YOU YET!! MY STRENGTH HAS TO WIN IN THE END!
THEN, GRASPING THE LEDGE OF A NEARBY BUILDING, THE HULK BRINGS A SECTION OF THE WALL DOWN ON HIS HUGE ADVERSARY BEFORE GIANT-MAN CAN MAKE ANOTHER MOVE!
UGH!-- MY SHOULDER!!

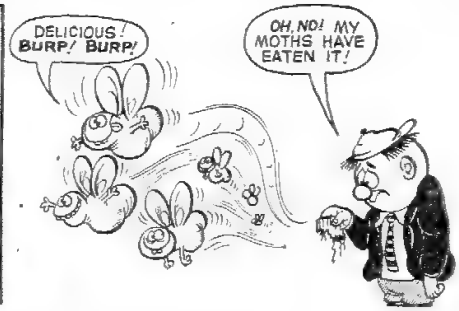
WHERE IS YOUR CONFIDENCE NOW?? WHERE ARE YOUR BOASTS, YOUR SMART REMARKS? IN THE END, NOTHING CAN BEAT THE RAW POWER OF THE HULK!!
HE'S LEAPING AT ME! IF HE CONNECTS, I'M A GONER!
WITH PERFECT TIMING, THE TWELVE-FOOT TITAN ROLLS OUT OF HARM'S WAY AT THE LAST SECOND!!
CRASH!
AT THAT MOMENT, JUST OUTSIDE OF TOWN, THE WASP OVERHEARS A STARTLING COMMAND...!
WE'RE ZEROED IN ON THE CENTRE OF TOWN, SIR!
THEN FIRE THE SMALL BORE ATOMIC SHELL! IT WILL DAMAGE A MINIMUM OF PROPERTY, BUT IT'S SURE TO PUT THE HULK OUT OF ACTION!
OH NO!! THEY THINK THE HULK IS ALONE! THEY DON'T KNOW GIANT-MAN IS THERE!
NO TIME TO STOP THEM!! THEY'VE FIRED IT! IT'LL BE THE END OF HANK, UNLESS--
IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION-- BUT I'VE GOT TO TAKE IT!!
MADE IT! NOW, IF ONLY I CAN REACH THE DETONATING DEVICE BEFORE IT STRIKES ITS TARGET!!
I'LL KEEP TRYING TILL THE LAST SECOND-- AND, IF I'M TOO LATE-- THEN AT LEAST HANK AND I WILL GO TOGETHER! I'LL BE WITH THE MAN I LOVE TILL THE VERY END!!
IT'S HOPELESS! I CAN NEVER OPEN THIS LID BEFORE THE SHELL REACHES ITS TARGET!
WAIT! THERE'S STILL ANOTHER CHANCE! IF I CAN CONTACT HANK THRU HIS CYBERNETIC HELMET!
OUR HELMETS ARE DESIGNED FOR THOUGHT COMMUNICATION OVER SHORT DISTANCES! WE'RE CLOSE ENOUGH NOW! OH, HANK, MY DARLING--READ ME-- READ ME!!
AND, A MICRO-SECOND LATER...
YOU'VE DONE ALL YOU CAN, JAN! JUMP! JUMP BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!!
PRETENDING TO TALK TO SOMEONE BEHIND ME!! YOU DON'T FOOL ME WITH THAT TRICK!!
I DID IT! I WARNED HIM! BUT-- WHAT CAN HE DO NOW TO SAVE HIMSELF??!
HULK, LISTEN TO ME! LOOK INTO THE SKY-- DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! THAT'S AN ATOMIC SHELL COMING THIS WAY! IF IT STRIKES, WE BOTH DIE! ONLY YOU CAN SAVE US!

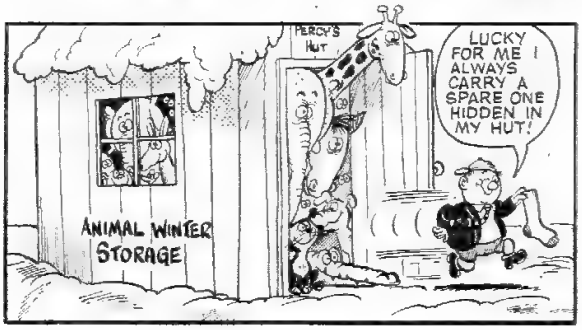
I'M NOT SO SURE! I THINK I COULD SURVIVE A SMALL ATOMIC BLAST! BUT YOU SURE CAN'T!!
BUT I WANNA BE THE ONE TO FINISH YOU -- NOT SOME BLAMED BOMB!!
HE'S LEAPING TO INTERCEPT THE SHELL --AS I KNEW HE WOULD!!
IF THIS IS GONNA BE THE END OF THE HULK, THEN WHO CARES?? MAYBE IT'LL BE THE BEST THING THAT COULD HAPPEN!! I'M NO GOOD TO MYSELF -- OR TO ANYONE ELSE!! THE WHOLE WORLD HATES ME ALMOST AS MUCH AS I HATE MYSELF!
WHOOM!
WATCHING FROM A SAFE DISTANCE, THE HUMAN TOP SEES HIS SINISTER SCHEME RUINED BY THE POWER OF THE HULK!
WHY DID HE DO IT?? WHY DID HE SAVE GIANT-MAN???
THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE HE'LL LAND WITH THAT THING! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
BUT, AS A CAPRICIOUS FATE WOULD HAVE IT, THE HULK FINALLY HURLS THE ATOMIC SHELL UP INTO THE HILLS...
THERE!! NOTHING'LL FEEL IT WHEN IT EXPLODES EXCEPT FOR A FEW ROCKS AND SOME SAND DUNES!! LOOKS LIKE MY TIME HASN'T COME YET!
...AND THE POTENT SHELL FINALLY EXPLODES IN THE SAME HILLS WHERE THE HUMAN TOP HAD TAKEN REFUGE...!
HE SAVED ME -- BUT WHAT ABOUT THE HULK?? WAS HE HIMSELF CAUGHT IN THE SHOCK WAVE OF THE EXPLOSION??
FOR THE ANSWER TO GIANT-MAN'S QUESTION, LET'S RETURN TO THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL OF EARTH'S MORTALS...
BEIN' TOSSED LIKE A FEATHER IN THE BREEZE, EVERYTHING SPINNIN' ROUND -- BLACKING OUT--!
LATER, AFTER THE SMOKE HAS CLEARED FROM THE MODERN, LOW-YIELD ATOMIC SHELL, A FORM BEGINS TO STIR ON THE SPOT WHERE THE HULK HAD FALLEN...
BUT, IT IS NOT THE MASSIVE FORM OF THE RAMPAGING MAN-BRUTE! IT IS THE SLIM, GAUNT FIGURE OF DR. ROBERT BRUCE BANNER!
I'M ALIVE! I-I'VE CHANGED BACK TO MYSELF AGAIN! THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION MUST HAVE DONE IT!
AND, A SHORT TIME LATER...
DAD! OH, DAD -- LOOK! GIANT-MAN WAS RIGHT! IT'S BRUCE -- THE HULK DIDN'T HARM HIM!
HUNDREDS OF RUGGED, HUSKY MILITARY MEN IN MY COMMAND -- BUT THAT SCATTER-BRAINED DAUGHTER OF MINE HAS TO FALL FOR A SKINNY, WEAKLING PENCIL PUSHER! BAH!
COMMENCING WITH THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH THE ASTOUNDING STORY OF THE HULK STEPS UPWARDS INTO A NEW FIELD OF GREATNESS! IT'S... IT'S... HECK! WE'RE JUST LOST FOR WORDS! READ IT — BUT DON'T BLAME US IF YOU FIND IT MORE HABIT-FORMING THAN BREATHING!

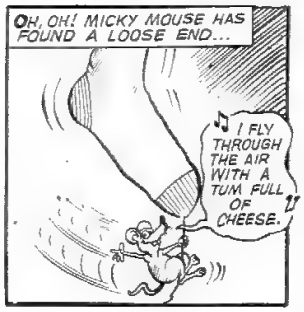
Percy's Pets

OH, BOY! CHRISTMAS EVE TONIGHT! AND I'VE GOT A NICE BIG SOCK FOR SANTA TO FILL!

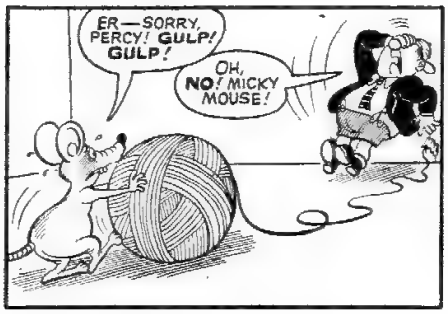

? ? ?
MUNCH!
CHOMP!
CHOMP!
CHEW!

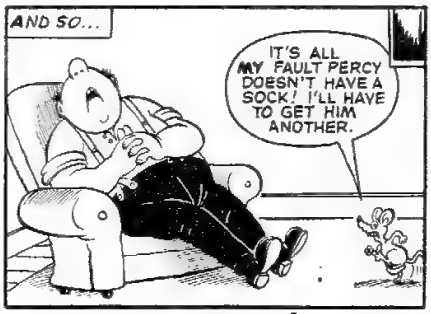

DELICIOUS! BURP! BURP!
OH, NO! MY MOTHS HAVE EATEN IT!

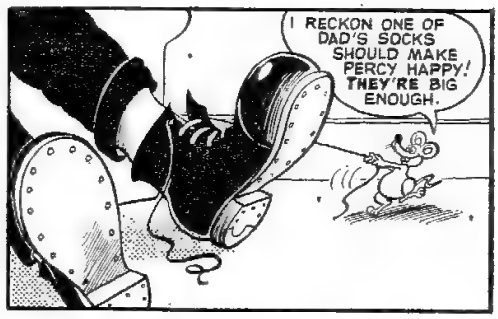

PERCY'S HUT
LUCKY FOR ME I ALWAYS CARRY A SPARE ONE HIDDEN IN MY HUT!
ANIMAL WINTER STORAGE

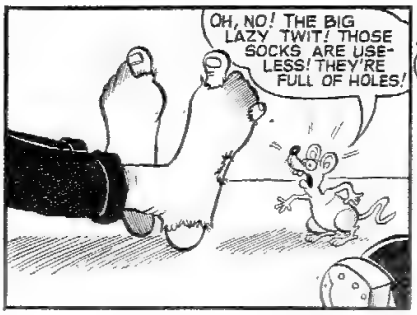

OH, OH! MICKY MOUSE HAS FOUND A LOOSE END...
♫ I FLY THROUGH THE AIR WITH A TUM FULL OF CHEESE. ♫

AAGH! SOMEONE'S UNRAVELLED IT!


ER—SORRY, PERCY! GULP! GULP!
OH, NO! MICKY MOUSE!


AND SO...
IT'S ALL MY FAULT PERCY DOESN'T HAVE A SOCK! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM ANOTHER.


I RECKON ONE OF DAD'S SOCKS SHOULD MAKE PERCY HAPPY! THEY'RE BIG ENOUGH.


OH, NO! THE BIG LAZY TWIT! THOSE SOCKS ARE USELESS! THEY'RE FULL OF HOLES!

GRRR! TAKE THAT, YOU CHEAT!
BITE!

AIEE!
HEH! HEH! HEH! SERVES HIM RIGHT!

COO! I'VE GOT AN IDEA..

HO! HO! HO! A GREAT IDEA, MICKY! EVEN BETTER THAN A SOCK!
WHISPER! WHISPER!

THAT NIGHT...
PERCYS ROOM
WELL! WELL! THAT'S ORIGINAL ANYWAY.

NNNNN
IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR SOME FOLK! SIGH!
HAPPY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY! HEE! HEE!
PERCY'S ROOM

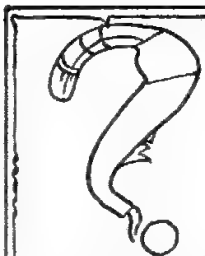
MEET... Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

GIVE your mate an empty glass and ask him if he can get water to rise up into it *while it is upside down.* He'll still be saying it's impossible when you show him how it's done. . . .

Stick a match into a cork and, lighting it, place it in a soup-plate full of water.

Now place your glass upside down over the cork —AND THE WATER WILL RISE UP INTO THE GLASS!



TURN IT UP!

I thought Marion Chivers of Dulwich had sent me a funny question mark until I turned it upside down. Do the same, and all will be revealed!

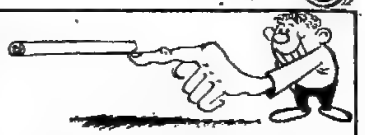
WHEN you've finished unwrapping your sweets and presents, there's going to be bags of silver paper littering the house. Don't throw it away, because silver paper can be shaped and moulded into models as easily as using clay.

To make a human figure, begin by tearing a flat piece of paper twice at the top and once at the bottom. You'll see how to shape it into the figure from my diagram. Model each limb at a time.

The second diagram shows how to start making an animal.

Try to use one piece of silver paper for each model. When this isn't possible, such as when you are sticking on extra details, adhesive cement will do the trick.

Wish I'd known about this before Christmas, we could have made some super, glittery models. But there's always next year!



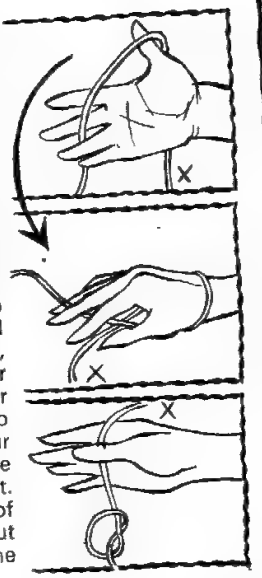
Here's another trick with silver paper, but you'll have to get Dad to give you one of his cigarettes. Don't worry—you don't have to smoke it!

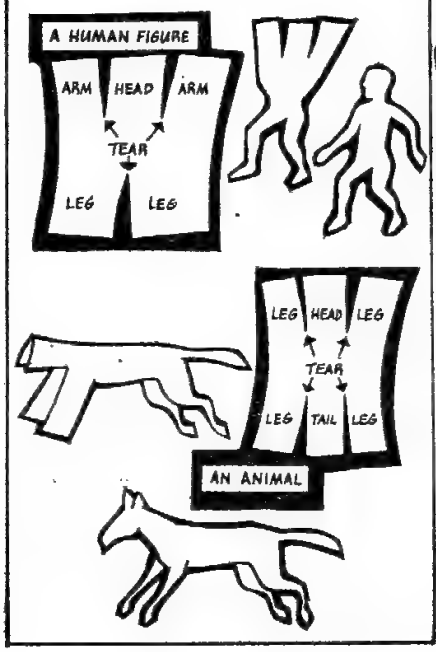
Carefully remove about an inch of the tobacco at one end, and pack into the cigarette some tightly rolled scraps of silver paper. You may have to mash them down with your teeth to get them small enough. Now drop a blob of glue into the packed end and cover the silver paper with scraps of the tobacco you removed first of all. The cigarette should now look absolutely genuine—and you are all set to mystify the party with what it can do.

Place the heavy end on the very edge of anything and it will balance in the most amazing way. If this doesn't raise a few eyebrows—nothing will!

Instant Knot

Ask your mates to tie a knot in a length of cord using only ONE HAND. All any of them will achieve is a giggle from anyone watching. But it's dead easy when you know how . . . Take a piece of cord, about four feet in length and hold it as shown in the first diagram. End X should hang down about a foot. All you have to do is to turn your hand over in the direction shown by the arrow and grasp end X between your thumb and forefinger. Then shake your hand, so that the loop around your hand falls off and there is your knot! When you have learned to do it quickly, it will look to your audience as if you simply gave the rope a shake and made a knot. If you like, you can let some of them have a try themselves, but of course, they won't know the secret!





Balancing Act

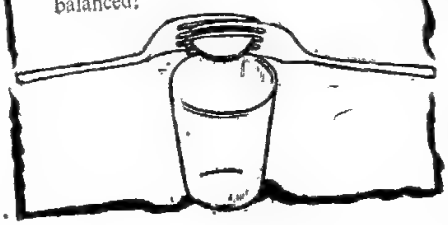
You'll need a drinking glass, two forks and a penny for this death-defying balancing trick.

Now you are all set to achieve the impossible by balancing the two forks ON the penny ON the rim of the glass.

Let your mates try first before you show 'em how it's done . . .

All you do is to first push the penny through the central prongs of each fork, then place the penny on the rim of the glass as my drawing shows.

Believe it or not, the lot stays balanced!



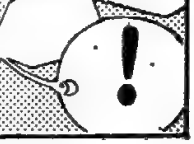
CHRISTMAS CRACKERS

'Tis done beneath the mistletoe
'Tis done beneath the rose.
But the proper place to kiss, you know,
Is just beneath the nose.

What is worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?
A centipede with chilblains.

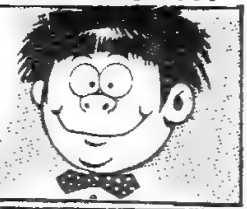
What key will never open a door?
A don-key.

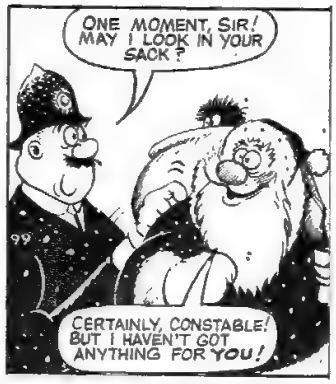
How many sides has a circle?
Two, an inside and an outside.



HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

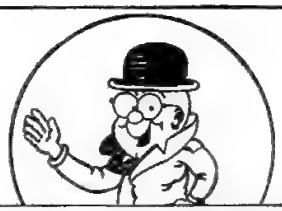
RONNIE RICH



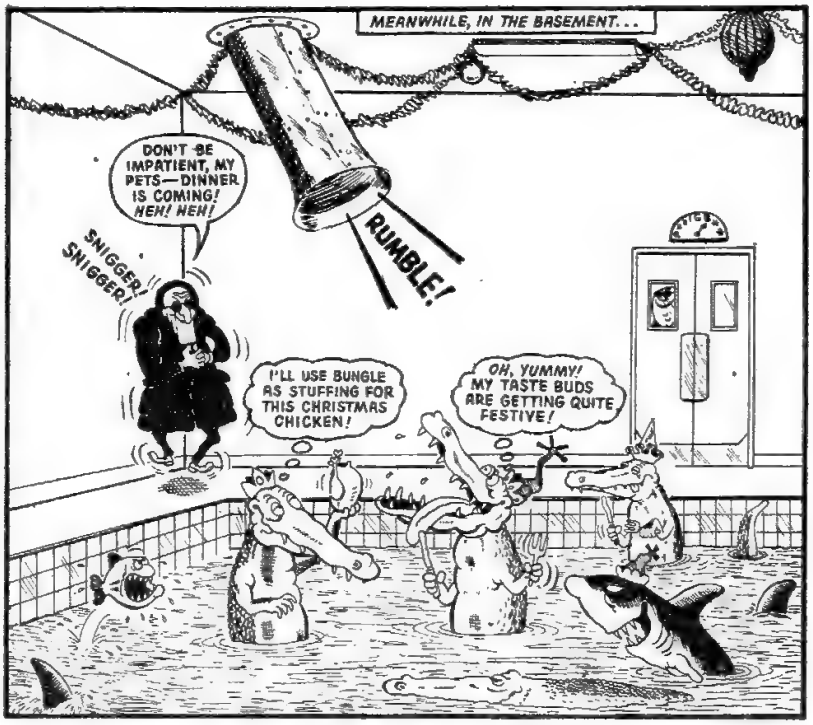


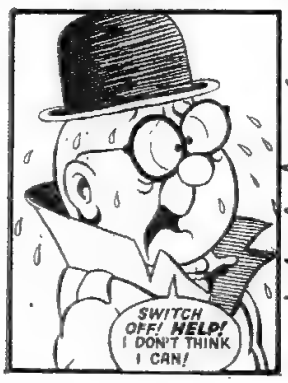
OH, NO! P.C. COPP THINKS SANTA IS A THIEF! HE'S BEEN TAKEN AWAY! ALL THE KIDS WILL BRAIN ME IF THEY FIND OUT IT'S MY FAULT— BECAUSE NOW THEY WON'T GET ANY PRESENTS!

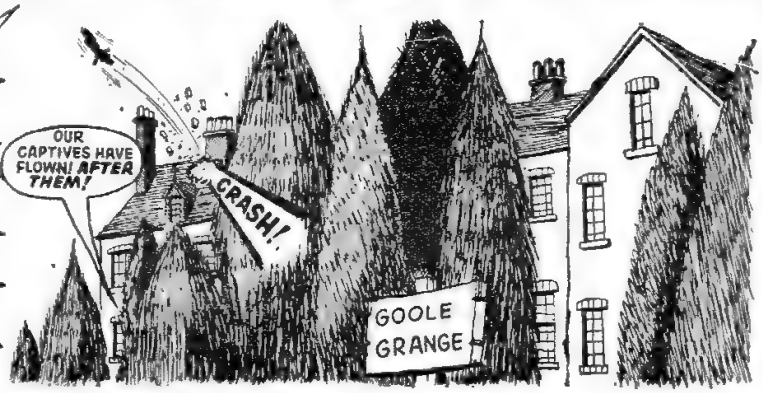
THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

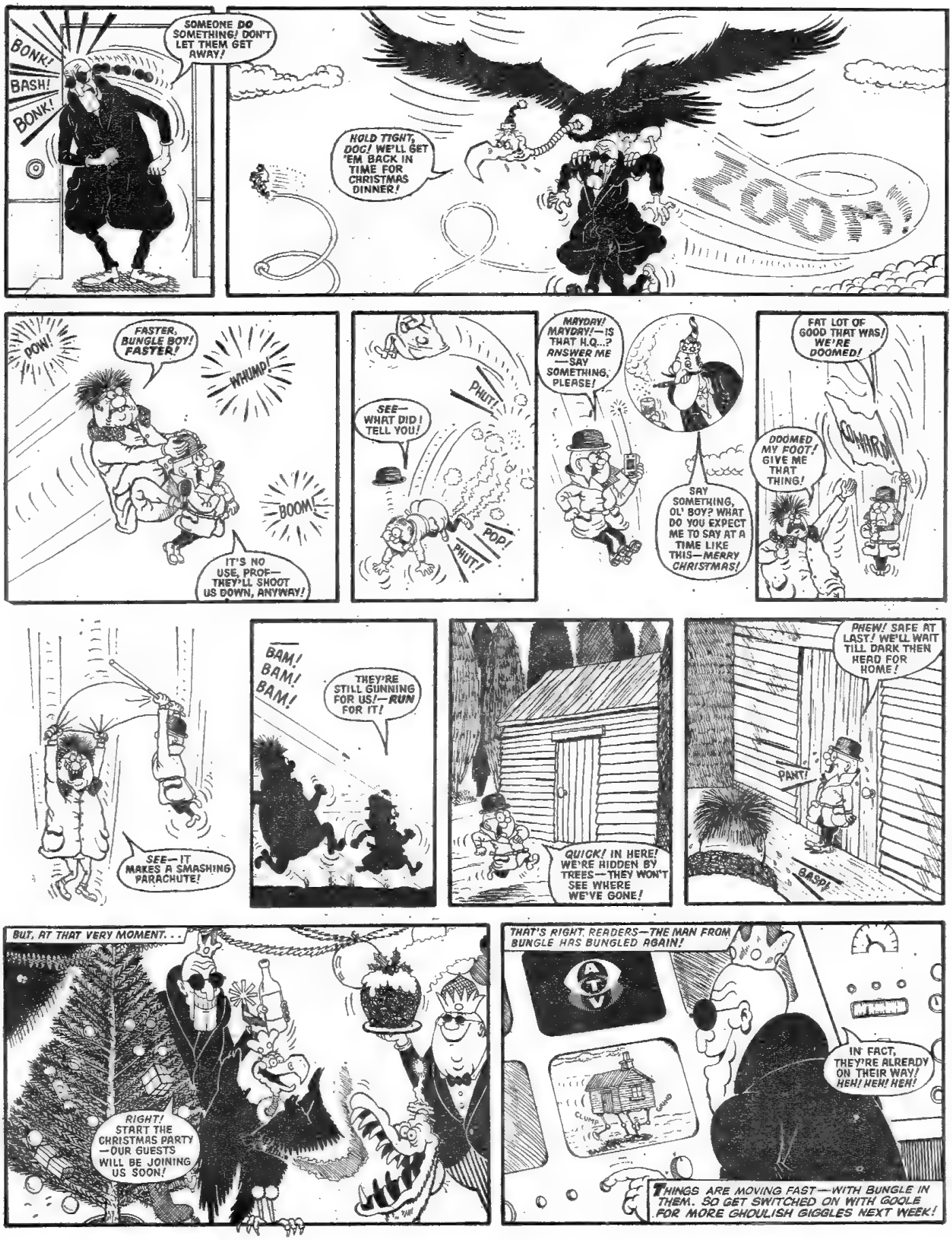


THAT SHOULD BE A DUNCE'S CAP OUR WOULD-BE HERO IS WEARING. IF THE SILLY CLOT THINKS HE CAN RESCUE PROFESSOR PYE FROM DR. GOOLE BY HIDING IN A CUPBOARD—HE'S IN FOR A BIG LET DOWN! SEE WHAT WE MEAN?


MEANWHILE, IN THE BASEMENT...
DON'T BE IMPATIENT, MY PETS—DINNER IS COMING! HEH! HEH!
SNIGGER! SNIGGER!
RUMBLE!
I'LL USE BUNGLE AS STUFFING FOR THIS CHRISTMAS CHICKEN!
OH, YUMMY! MY TASTE BUDS ARE GETTING QUITE FESTIVE!






BONK!
BASH!
BONK!
SOMEONE DO SOMETHING! DON'T LET THEM GET AWAY!
HOLD TIGHT, DOG! WE'LL GET 'EM BACK IN TIME FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER!
ZOOM!
POW!
FASTER, BUNGLE BOY! FASTER!
WHUMP!
BOOM!
IT'S NO USE, PROF—THEY'LL SHOOT US DOWN, ANYWAY!
SEE—WHAT DID I TELL YOU!
PHUT!
POP!
PHUT!
MAYDAY! MAYDAY!—IS THAT H.Q...? ANSWER ME—SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE!
SAY SOMETHING, OL' BOY? WHAT DO YOU EXPECT ME TO SAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS—MERRY CHRISTMAS!
FAT LOT OF GOOD THAT WAS! WE'RE DOOMED!
DOOMED MY FOOT! GIVE ME THAT THING!
SWIRL!
SEE—IT MAKES A SMASHING PARACHUTE!
BAM! BAM! BAM!
THEY'RE STILL GUNNING FOR US!—RUN FOR IT!
QUICK! IN HERE! WE'RE HIDDEN BY TREES—THEY WON'T SEE WHERE WE'VE GONE!
PHEW! SAFE AT LAST! WE'LL WAIT TILL DARK THEN HEAD FOR HOME!
PANT!
GASP!
BUT, AT THAT VERY MOMENT...
RIGHT! START THE CHRISTMAS PARTY—OUR GUESTS WILL BE JOINING US SOON!
THAT'S RIGHT, READERS—THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS BUNGLED AGAIN!
IN FACT, THEY'RE ALREADY ON THEIR WAY! HEH! HEH! HEH!
CLUMP
THINGS ARE MOVING FAST—WITH BUNGLE IN THEM. SO GET SWITCHED ON WITH GOOLE FOR MORE GHOULISH GIGGLES NEXT WEEK!

DANGER MOUSE

SECRET AGENT

COO! IT'LL SOON BE CHRISTMAS!

HEH! HEH! AND I WANT MOUSEYS FOR CHRISTMAS!

GRAB!

HEH! HEH! I'VE GOT ENOUGH NOW FOR MY CHRISTMAS PUDDING!

SQUEAK! SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

YOU'LL BE SAFE IN THERE WHILE I PREPARE THE PUDDING MIXTURE!

HEY! WHY ARE WE IN JAIL?— WE DIDN'T BREAK THE LAW!

JAIL AIN'T SO BAD! I'VE GOT A FEELING WE'LL SOON BE IN THE CAT!

G-G-GOSH— I W-WISH DANGER MOUSE WAS HERE!

SOMEONE MENTION MY NAME?

WHOOOSH!

POW!

AARGH!

YIPPEE! IT'S DANGER MOUSE!

AND NOW TO SET MY LITTLE MATES FREE!

BLOW!

BANG!

HOORAY FOR DANGER MOUSE! HE'S DONE IT! WE'RE FREE!

POW!

EEEAARGH!

LATER...

AH!—

IF I CAN'T HAVE ANY MICEYS FOR CHRISTMAS— THEN I'LL HAVE THIS CRACKER!

PUSH!

OOCH!

SNATCH

OOCH!

HEH! HEH! AND I WON'T SHARE THIS WITH ANYONE! I'M GOING TO PULL IT ALL BY MYSELF!

HEH! HEH! WHATEVER'S INSIDE WILL BE ALL FOR ME!

PULL!

PULL!

WHUMPFF!

YOWWWP!

BANG!

BET HE'S NEVER HAD SUCH A CRACKING CHRISTMAS CRACKER BEFORE, EH, READERS? MERRY CHRISTMAS, ALL!

be a SMASHER - write to SMASH!

AND WIN £1

IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED IN SMASH!

Dear Alf and Cos,

On Tuesday the 25th October my brother and I had the SMASH! delivered to us by mistake and we didn't realise what we had been missing. As a result of this my father has decided to order it permanently for us. My brother is nine and I am fifteen.

We think SMASH! means :—
Superb
Magnificent
Amazing
Startling, and
Hilarious

These are just a few of our ideas, but it could also stand for many things.

Another meaning for SMASH! could be :—
Smashing
Marvellous
Astounding
Suspenseful, and
Horrific.

Altogether we think SMASH! is UNDESCRIBABLY FANTASTIC, and we mean every word.

There is no room for improvement, so carry on as you are.

Best wishes,
Kev (15) and Steve (9) Bates,
Lympstone, Devon.

Dear Kev and Steve. Our hearts go out to you! All those long days slipping past, gone for ever and all that—and you not knowing what true living could really mean! Praise be that at long last the dazzling delights of SMASH! have by chance been revealed to you. Doesn't it all go to prove how man's destiny depends upon the fickleness of Fate!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Most of the letters you receive are praising your dramatic stories like The Hulk, Legend Testers, Rubberman and Batman, about 99 per cent. So by now you must realise what most of us want. We want more stories like them, so cut out the funnies and give us excitement. If you really want funnies, fellow Smashers, buy WHAM! and be a Whamfan as well!

Geoffrey McGlynn,
Wavertree, Liverpool 15.

Geoff.—we reckon we can always recognise a genuine, hundred-per-center enthusiast when we meet one. And we say to you with all sincerity that you've got great days ahead of you now that the HULK is off on this new series. You'll find that it's all HULK, it's all adventure at an unbelievable level and it just gets tighter and tighter as the weeks go by. You're one of us, Geoff.—and you can join us in feeling sorry for all those underendowed ones who haven't got it in them to know what Power comics are all about.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I have been reading SMASH! ever since it came out, from 1 to 31. I hope it goes from 1 to 1,000,001. About that other comic WHAM! I think that's great too. Hardly any kids at our school know about SMASH! We are persuading them to buy SMASH! but not WHAM! because there is only one in the newsagents and if they do ! ! ! We punch their heads in.

Gary Clinton and Michael McLeary,
Charkestown, N.S.W., Australia.

We've just been trying to work out how old we're going to be when we're publishing SMASH! No. 1,000,001. But if you reckon you can make it and still be around to read that copy of SMASH!, Gary, then we're going to have a try to be here to write it!.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

A leap for the dressing-gown hanging on the door,
A dive for the slippers lying on the floor,
A quiet sort of creaking as I creep into the hall,
I mustn't wake up John as that will spoil it all.
Oh, no! He's out before me and running fit to burst,
I must catch him quickly or he's bound to get there first.
Sliding down the bannisters you ought to see him go,
While following down the staircase I seem to be too slow!
But, as he stops to dismount the rail,
I see my chance to run,
It's neck and neck now as we stride,
This race is hardly fun.
Oh dear! He's pulled ahead of me and making for the door,
I'll have to make a desperate move or John will win—I'm sure.
It's waiting in the letter box—
A sudden leap will get it—
Hurrah! I've got the "Smash" first,
I'm sure I won't regret it!

Roger Harris,
Eastbourne, Sussex.

We'd like to reply in rhyme to you, Roger But how do you expect us to compete with the sort of standard you've set? Ah, well. We can't all be clever.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Would you please answer me these questions :—

(*a*) How old is the Hulk?
(*b*) What colour eyes has he got?
(*c*) Where does he get his fantastic strength from?

Yours faithfully,
T. Dawson,
Seacroft, Leeds 14.

P.S.—Please don't forget to print my letter or I'll flip my lid.

There's no doubt about it—The HULK definitely has something. Nobody ever wanted to know what colour eyes we have!

(*a*) *The HULK is exactly the same age as Bruce Banner. We don't know how old Bruce is, but we'd guess him to be about 28. Of course he could be younger, and he looks just older because of all that worrying he does about the HULK.*
(*b*) *Very few people have ever been close enough to the HULK to see what colour his eyes are. And if you ever find yourself that close we're willing to bet you won't be trying to decide whether his eyes are blue, grey or rainbow-coloured! They always look black to us.*
(*c*) *From being exposed to Gamma-Rays when he saved the life of teen-ager Rick Jones.*

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

In SMASH! No. 43 it has a trick on Mr. Knowall's page which said:—

Let your arms hang at your sides and grip the seams of your trousers tightly. Push outwards and count twenty.

Let go, and your arms will rise into the air of their own accord and you can't stop them.

I tried that trick and my arms only went half way up. I always thought that your tricks worked.

Martin Coendoz,
Morden, Surrey.

P.S.—I never have any luck and this letter probably won't get printed.

Even if your arms only rose half-way the trick didn't exactly fail, Martin. Maybe you didn't relax enough when you let go of your trousers. Or maybe you've got extra heavy arms. Keep practising—you might yet make the London Palladium.

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

.....

The feature I don't like is:

.....

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Three cheers for such a sensible comic. Having children ranging from four to nine I have been looking for a comic that will serve them all and found Smash! does that. While catering for the young mind with gay comic strips like Percy's Pets it also has food for the elders with The Legend Testers and The Hulk. We now have a regular order for Smash! so there is no disappointment on Tuesdays and it's surprising how chores get done when Smash! is withheld until they're finished.

Thankfully yours,
Mrs. V. Williams,
Penarth Caravan,
Hartford Colliery,
Nr. Cramlington,
Northumberland.

Aw, shucks, Mrs. Williams. We don't know what to say. We always go to pieces like this when we get honeyed words from a female. We don't usually publish our readers' addresses in full because most of our letters are from children and you'll no doubt appreciate our reasons. But we're going to publish yours in full, because it gives us a chance to prove that people really do write to us!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I get SMASH! and WHAM! every week. I think they're great (so are you). But could you make them better by ordering Marvel tee-shirts like this so that we could write up and get them (naturally we would pay). Your comic would be greater then!

Yours SMASHingly (what a word!),
David Ryan,
Ealing, London, W.13.

P.S.—Why not make a club?

If you get POW! No. 2 (on sale on January 20th) you'll be able to make your own Spiderman tee-shirt with the FREE transfer we'll be giving away.

Alf and Cos.

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS AND The Crystal Orb of Merlin

THE LEGEND OF MERLIN, MOST SUPREME MASTER OF MAGIC OF ALL TIME, HAS ITS BEGINNINGS IN THE LONG, LONG AGO, WHEN GREAT BRITAIN WAS YOUNG...

...AND YET THE INCREDIBLE HAPPENINGS WHICH ARE NOW ABOUT TO BE RELATED WILL NOT TAKE PLACE UNTIL TWO THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW!

THEY WILL BEGIN IN THE CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE MUSEUM OF THE FORTIETH CENTURY — A FANTASTIC BUILDING HOUSING A COLLECTION OF FASCINATING EXHIBITS THAT SPAN THE CENTURIES...

EACH EXHIBIT GUARANTEED TO BE AUTHENTIC — CHECKED BY MEN WHO TRAVEL BACK INTO THE PAST TO WATCH HISTORY AS IT IS BEING MADE! MEN LIKE ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS — THE LEGEND TESTERS!

WE JOIN ROLLO AND DANNY AS THEY STEP INTO THE MUSEUM'S MOST PRIZED PIECE OF EQUIPMENT — THE TIME CHAMBER!

SEEMS NO TIME AT ALL SINCE YOU RETURNED FROM OLYMPUS* ROLLO. WHAT ARE YOU TESTING THIS TIME?

HUH! IT JUST LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF OLD GLASS TO ME!

THIS PIECE OF CRYSTAL, IT'S REPUTED TO BE A FRAGMENT FROM THE ORB OF MERLIN THE MAGICIAN!

*REMEMBER ROLLO'S AND DANNY'S RECENT ADVENTURE WITH THE ANCIENT GODS OF GREECE?

THE MASTER CONTROL SWITCH CLICKS DOWN..

AND INSIDE THE CHAMBER...

SEEMS LIKE I WAS WRONG, ROLLO! WE ARE GOING BACK IN TIME!

1,500 A.D.

2,000 A.D.

400 B.C.

3,000 B.C.

THAT MEANS THE PIECE OF CRYSTAL IS GENUINE!

AND LET US QUICKLY CHANGE OUR TIME AND SCENE — TO A MOMENT IN ENGLAND'S EARLY HISTORY...

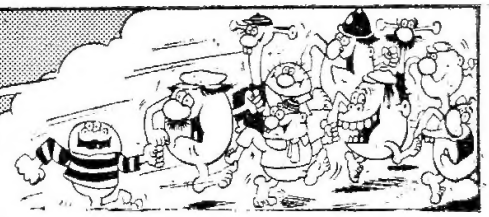
WARMED BY FIRE FROM LIGHTNING HIGH... CHANTED 'NEATH A MOONLIT SKY... MOISTENED BY THE DEEPEST WELL... I COMMAND THEE, ORB, TO AID THIS SPELL!

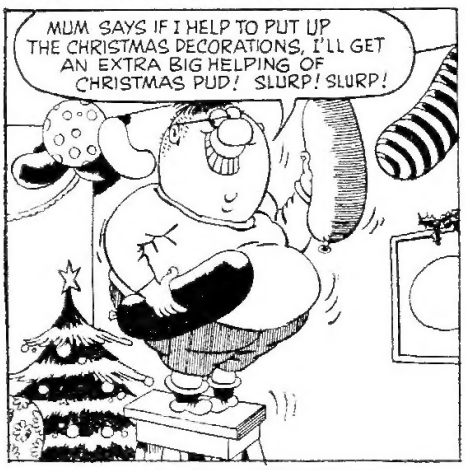
THESE STRANGE WORDS ARE SPOKEN BY A MAN WHOSE FLOWING WHITE BEARD, BLACK GOWN AND TALL HAT PROCLAIM HIM TO BE NONE OTHER THAN MERLIN THE MAGICIAN!

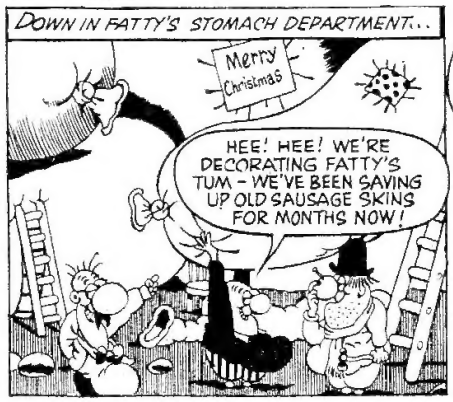
WATCH CLOSELY, WULF, AS I INSTRUCT YOU IN THE ARTS OF SIMPLE MAGIC! AT ANY MOMENT NOW THESE TWO RABBITS WILL BECOME TOADS!

MEANWHILE, THE LEGEND TESTERS' HEADLONG JOURNEY BACK THROUGH TIME IS COMPLETED...
THERE'S A SCENE TAKING SHAPE AROUND US! WE'RE IN SOME SORT OF ROOM!
THEY ARE IN THE ROOM OF MERLIN THE MAGICIAN!
WHAT'S HAPPENING? TWO MEN ARE APPEARING! THIS IS NOT THE WAY THE SPELL SHOULD HAVE WORKED!
BUT—! BUT!
MERLIN IS BEWILDERED! AND THIS IS THE CHANCE I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR! THE CHANCE TO STEAL THE CRYSTAL ORB—THE ORB WHICH IS THE SECRET OF MERLIN'S GREAT POWERS!
AND, AS THE RASCALLY WULF CONCEALS THE CRYSTAL ORB, MERLIN'S SPELL BEGINS TO WORK! BUT—SINCE THE TWO FRIGHTENED RABBITS HAVE SCAMPERED AWAY—THE SPELL BEGINS TO WORK INSTEAD UPON THE TWO LEGEND TESTERS!
THESE TWO STRANGERS! THEY'RE CHANGING...
...INTO TOADS!
C-R-R-O-A-K! C-R-R-O-A-K!
C-R-R-O-A-K!
THESE POOR UNFORTUNATE MEN! I MUST TURN THEM BACK INTO THEIR HUMAN SHAPE AT ONCE! I —
THE ORB! IT'S VANISHED!
SOMETHING MUST HAVE GONE BADLY WRONG WITH THE SPELL, MASTER! THAT'S WHY THE ORB HAS DISAPPEARED!
BUT WITHOUT THE ORB TO AID ME WITH MY MAGIC, THESE TWO MEN MAY HAVE TO REMAIN AS TOADS —
—FOR EVER!
IF THIS INSTALMENT HAS LEFT YOU SPELLBOUND, WAIT TILL NEXT ISH— AND THE COMING OF BLACK SHIELD!

THE NERVS

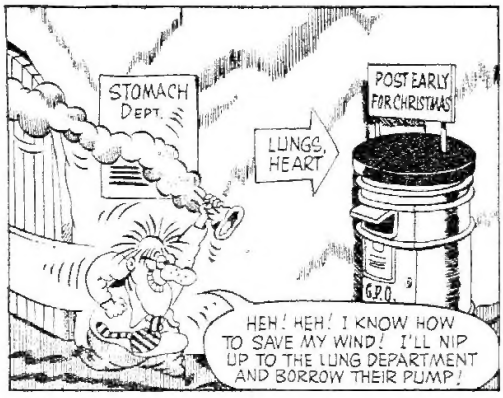


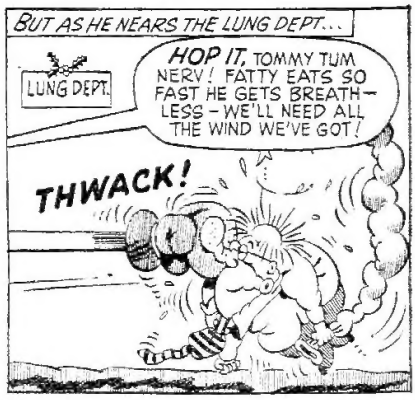

MUM SAYS IF I HELP TO PUT UP THE CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS, I'LL GET AN EXTRA BIG HELPING OF CHRISTMAS PUD! SLURP! SLURP!

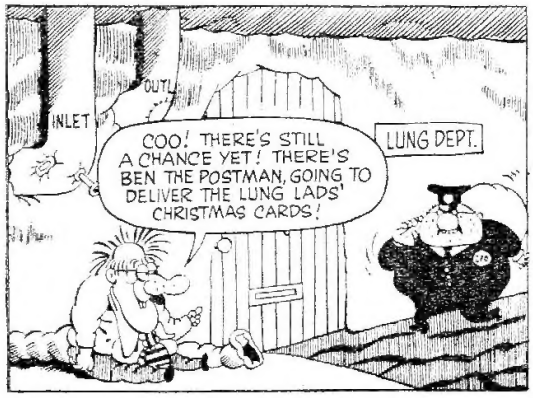

DOWN IN FATTY'S STOMACH DEPARTMENT...
Merry Christmas
HEE! HEE! WE'RE DECORATING FATTY'S TUM - WE'VE BEEN SAVING UP OLD SAUSAGE SKINS FOR MONTHS NOW!

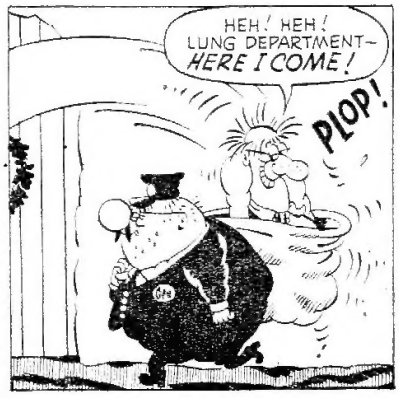
DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'D DO AT CHRISTMAS IF FATTY ATE SKINLESS SAUSAGES! GASP! GASP! GASP!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS
WHEEZE!
PUFF!
BLOW!

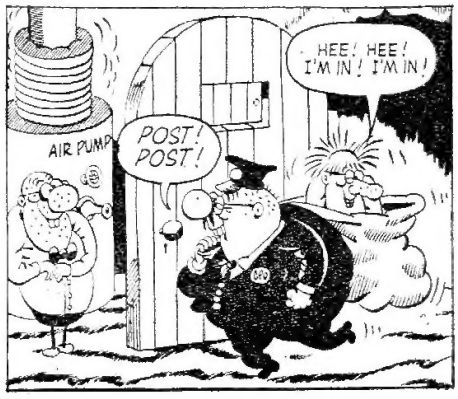
GASP! GASP! IT'S HOPELESS! I COULDN'T BLOW UP ANOTHER SAUSAGE SKIN IF I TRIED!
WHOOOOSH!
BEST PORK

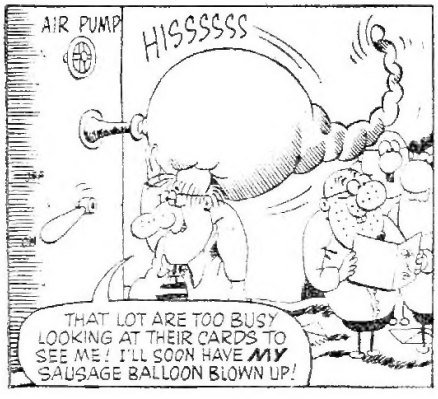

STOMACH DEPT.
LUNGS, HEART
POST EARLY FOR CHRISTMAS
G.P.O.
HEH! HEH! I KNOW HOW TO SAVE MY WIND! I'LL NIP UP TO THE LUNG DEPARTMENT AND BORROW THEIR PUMP!

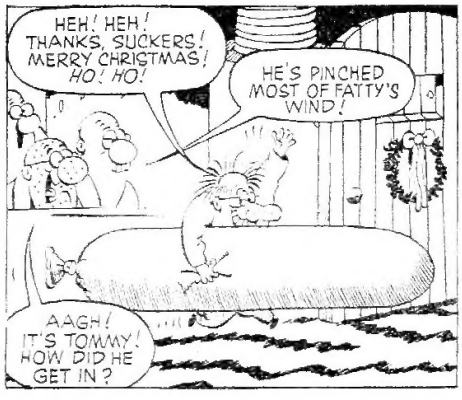

BUT AS HE NEARS THE LUNG DEPT...
LUNG DEPT.
HOP IT, TOMMY TUM NERV! FATTY EATS SO FAST HE GETS BREATH-LESS - WE'LL NEED ALL THE WIND WE'VE GOT!
THWACK!

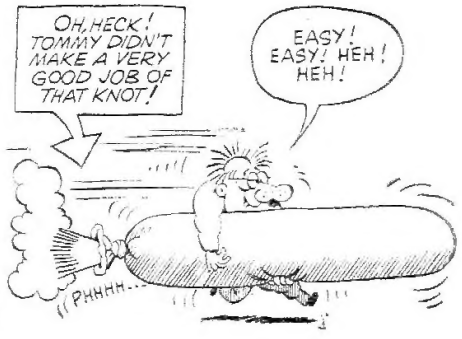

INLET
OUT!
COO! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE YET! THERE'S BEN THE POSTMAN, GOING TO DELIVER THE LUNG LADS' CHRISTMAS CARDS!
LUNG DEPT.

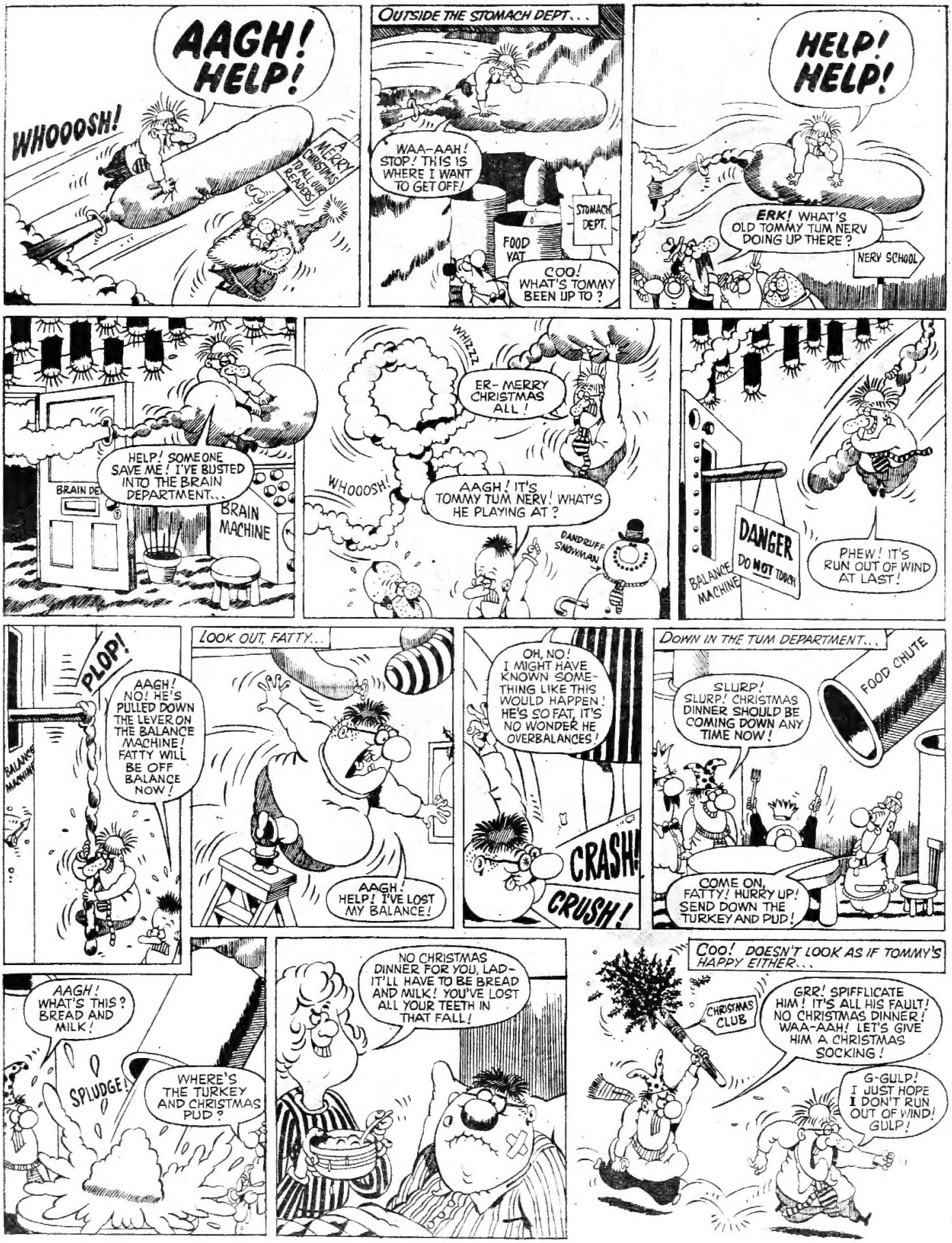

HEH! HEH! LUNG DEPARTMENT- HERE I COME!
PLOP!


HEE! HEE! I'M IN! I'M IN!
AIR PUMP
POST! POST!


AIR PUMP
HISSSSSS
THAT LOT ARE TOO BUSY LOOKING AT THEIR CARDS TO SEE ME! I'LL SOON HAVE MY SAUSAGE BALLOON BLOWN UP!


HEH! HEH! THANKS, SUCKERS! MERRY CHRISTMAS! HO! HO!
HE'S PINCHED MOST OF FATTY'S WIND!
AAGH! IT'S TOMMY! HOW DID HE GET IN?


OH, HECK! TOMMY DIDN'T MAKE A VERY GOOD JOB OF THAT KNOT!
EASY! EASY! HEH! HEH!
PHHHM...


AAGH! HELP!
WHOOOSH!
A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL OUR READERS
OUTSIDE THE STOMACH DEPT...
WAA-AAH! STOP! THIS IS WHERE I WANT TO GET OFF!
STOMACH DEPT.
FOOD VAT
COO! WHAT'S TOMMY BEEN UP TO?
HELP! HELP!
ERK! WHAT'S OLD TOMMY TUM NERV DOING UP THERE?
NERV SCHOOL
HELP! SOMEONE SAVE ME! I'VE BUSTED INTO THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...
BRAIN DE
BRAIN MACHINE
WHIZZZ
ER- MERRY CHRISTMAS ALL!
WHOOOSH!
AAGH! IT'S TOMMY TUM NERV! WHAT'S HE PLAYING AT?
DANDRUFF SNOWMAN
DANGER
DO NOT TOUCH
BALANCE MACHINE
PHEW! IT'S RUN OUT OF WIND AT LAST!
PLOP!
BALANCE MACHINE
AAGH! NO! HE'S PULLED DOWN THE LEVER ON THE BALANCE MACHINE! FATTY WILL BE OFF BALANCE NOW!
LOOK OUT, FATTY...
AAGH! HELP! I'VE LOST MY BALANCE!
OH, NO! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAPPEN! HE'S SO FAT, IT'S NO WONDER HE OVERBALANCES!
CRASH!
CRUSH!
DOWN IN THE TUM DEPARTMENT...
FOOD CHUTE
SLURP! SLURP! CHRISTMAS DINNER SHOULD BE COMING DOWN ANY TIME NOW!
COME ON, FATTY! HURRY UP! SEND DOWN THE TURKEY AND PUD!
AAGH! WHAT'S THIS? BREAD AND MILK!
SPLUDGE!
WHERE'S THE TURKEY AND CHRISTMAS PUD?
NO CHRISTMAS DINNER FOR YOU, LAD- IT'LL HAVE TO BE BREAD AND MILK! YOU'VE LOST ALL YOUR TEETH IN THAT FALL!
COO! DOESN'T LOOK AS IF TOMMY'S HAPPY EITHER...
CHRISTMAS CLUB
GRR! SPIFFLICATE HIM! IT'S ALL HIS FAULT! NO CHRISTMAS DINNER! WAA-AAH! LET'S GIVE HIM A CHRISTMAS SOCKING!
G-GULP! I JUST HOPE I DON'T RUN OUT OF WIND! GULP!

GRIMLY FEENDISH
THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD!
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
BOO! HOO! HOO! WE WON'T GET ANY CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
SANTA DOESN'T COME TO BAD BOYS! WAAAAH!
CHEER UP, MY LITTLE FRIENDS! LEAVE IT TO SANTA FEENDISH! I'LL GET SOME TOYS FOR YOU!
STORE
??
SLURP! SLURP! BURP! SLURP!
LUCKY DIP GROTTO
GOO! GOO! GOO!
GOO! GOO! HEH! HEH! GOO!
HELP! WH-WHAT'S THAT?
HEH! HEH! IT'S A—ER—DIPSTICK!
CLUMP!
AND I'LL TAKE THE LUCKY DIP! HO! HO! MERRY CHRISTMAS, EVERYBODY!
LUCKY DIP GROTTO
LUCKY DIP
AAGH! STOP HIM!
NOW TO GET INTO MY GETAWAY COSTUME.
AIEE! I'VE ZIPPED MY LIP! AAGH!
COO! SO THAT'S WHERE HE IS! EVERYONE KNOWS YOU BUTTON LIPS—NOT ZIP THEM! HEH! HEH!
MNH—!
BAH! ME AND MY BIG MOUTH! GASP! GASP!
QUICK! HOP ABOARD, MISTER FEENDISH!
YEOW! IT'S SQUELCH TO THE RESCUE—DISGUISED AS A CHRISTMAS PUD!
TALLY-HO! FOOT DOWN AND OFF WE GO, SQUELCH! HEH! HEH!
AIEE! YOU CLOT! WHAT DID YOU PUT HOLLY ON IT FOR? AAGH!
COO! YOU ALWAYS PUT HOLLY ON CHRISTMAS PUDS!
COO! LOOK WHAT WE'VE GOT!
WELL! WELL! THIS IS A LUCKY DIP! OLD GRIMLY HIMSELF!
COP SHOP
WHAT A CHRISTMAS! BREAD AND WATER! BOO! HOO! HOO!
WE'RE NOT THAT BAD! WE'LL SEE GRIMLY DOES ALL RIGHT!